

MARKS – MANUAMINUS TEMPLE

The Manuaminus Temple. The Assassinorum's hand-to-hand specialists. Like all of the Officio Assassinorum, they were orphans, brought to the Temple at a young age, chosen by pre-determined, stringently specific genetic test results. Men and women of preternaturally inhuman speed and reflexes, mercilessly educated on the vicious efficiency of using the body itself as the perfect weapon, beaten, broken, and battered by trainers who were destined to be killed at the hands of those they tormented for decades to hone into the most lethal individuals in the Imperium when at last they had become the most efficient killers, with the most minimal of tools. The ways of the gun were not theirs; for a bullet could miss. Not the ways of drug-induced sprees of ultra-violence; for this clouded the mind, dulled the precision. Nor even the ways of the blade, for it was an unfeeling extension, not part of the body, incapable of the slight hair-trigger impulse twitches that could land a blow into the most minor of spots that those of the Manuaminus Temple could strike. They were lethal for many reasons, not the least of which was the total lack of need of any equipment to augment their killing power, for they WERE the equipment, and could be as effective as any man-portable weapon...if not deadlier.

Known as Marks, the Assassins of the Manuaminus took a secondary name; the first of several steps of self-identity, for while they lacked the shape-shifting abilities of those of the Callidus Temple, they could blend into a crowd just as easily, assuming identities, personalities, backgrounds and histories. They lived normal lives to everyone around them. To others, they seemed normal...WERE normal. They laughed, they cried, they raged. But this was all an act; integration into a society, into a group, while they pursued their true agenda. No weapons to ever be detected, to ever be found, to ever arouse suspicion...because nobody suspected the unarmed, unremarkable individual to be the weapon itself.

The Marks number far fewer than their more contemporary counterparts from the other Temples as the skill required to shatter armor with a focused blow, or tear open a Carnifex skull carapace with one pull, is beyond the capabilities of even some of the more skilled Initiates. To become a Mark is to transcend mere humanity and wield power beyond the mere physical. However due to the nature of their missions, they rarely apply syn-skin as a fallback option, as it interferes with the sensitivity of their bodies. They rely only upon their reflexes and the obscuring maelstrom of close quarters combat to avoid being skewered by a meltagun or blown apart by a bolt pistol. They have nothing but their wits, their training, and their own body, and that is enough for a Mark of the Manuaminus Temple.



	WS	BS	S	T	W	I	A	Ld	Sv
Mark	8	8	4	4	2	7	4	10	4+

SPECIAL RULES

Fleet, Move Through Cover, Stealth

Finishing Blow- All Marks are trained to sense the half-moment when a sweeping kick, a neck snap, or a palm thrust can transform into an even more lethal blow. If a 6 is rolled to hit with any of the Marks' Attacks, it will inflict Instant Death if it causes an unsaved wound on the target model

WARGEAR

The Perfect Weapon- Marks rely upon one thing and one thing only, their own bodies. All of the Marks' close combat attacks count as AP 4 and automatically Rend on a 5+ to wound in close combat

The Safest Place- Marks can sometimes dodge a bullet but they are always safer in the heat of melee. A Mark's saving throw is Invulnerable, this improves to a 2+ Invulnerable save in close combat

"The human body above all things... except a good drink"

Vertrius,
Undercover Mark